Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but ſwels the higher by this let.
Small lightes are ſoone blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater furie fret:
The petty ſtreames that paie a dailie det
To their ſalt ſoueraigne with their freſh fals haſt,
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his taſt.

Thou art, quoth ſhee, a ſea, a ſoueraigne King,
And loe there fals into thy boundleſſe flood,
Blacke luſt, diſhonor, ſhame, miſ-gouerning,
VVho ſeeke to ſtaine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe pettie ils ſhall change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddels wombe is herſed,
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed.

So ſhall theſe ſlaues be King, and thou their ſlaue,
Thou noblie baſe, they baſelie dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:
Thou lothed in their ſhame, they in thy pride,
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide.
The Cedar ſtoopes not to the baſe ſhrubs foote,
But low-ſhrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So